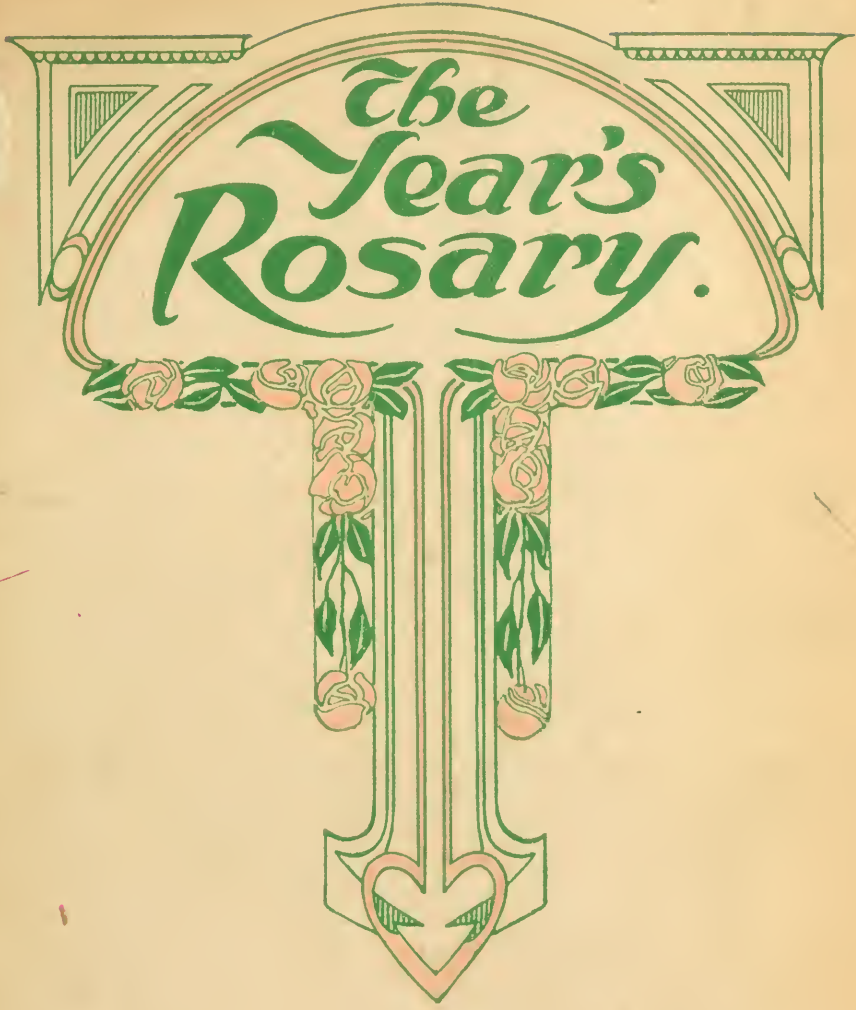


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THE YEAR'S ROSARY





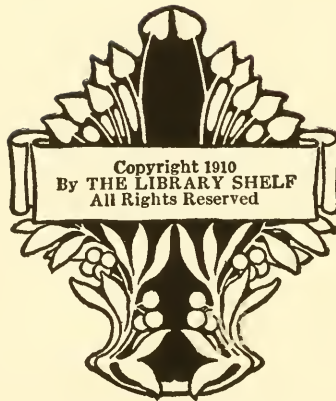
THE YEAR'S ROSARY

By "TIPHERITH" *seud.*

Thompson, Alys H. R.
A CYCLE OF SONNETS FOR EVERY
WEEK IN THE YEAR

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June 18 1893



ET thy life be to thee a
melody

Beginning soft with pearly
tones of sound,

And orbiting slowly to the
golden round

Of fullest beauty. Strike
the awful key

That weaves all chords into stern harmony,

Within whose depths the lowest deeps are
found,

And from whose heights the farthest stars resound,

Silvery sweet—the Key of Deity.

Take thou thy minor with thy major days,

For every note hath music, black or white;

Grasp with a master hand the burning rays

Of pure Desire, whose fierce vibrations smite

The soul to flame. So shalt thou dwell always

A God divine whose Word begetteth light.



OUR forth thy love upon
the poorest thing
That lives, and thou shalt
richer be thereby.
'Tis not the love for thee
which thou dost try
To win from others, that
doth often bring
Aught save brief joy and bitter surfeiting.
 Deep in thy heart (perchance with ebbing
 sigh)
Tosseth a sea that naught will satisfy,
 Save to pour love from depths past measur-
 ing.
Love not with love that asks for love again—
 Thou need'st no lovers, blesséd though they
 be—
But bless the cause, although it bringeth pain,
 That draws thy love like the resistless sea
To embrace the world. All other love is vain
 To satisfy the God that yearns in thee.



TAKE thou the varied ac-
tions of the Past,
The crimson and the
white, the black and
gold,
The blue and brown; yea,
all the hues untold
In the dull foil of bygone
days amassed,
Wrung from experiences behind thee cast.
How hard the toil before thy hand could hold
Those different tinctures, now so dull and cold!
Deem them not worthless. Neither stare
aghast,
Nor sorrow over them with fruitless sighs,
As things immutable, deeds that for aye
Can ne'er be changed. Take thou those varied dyes
And with them fling upon the future gray
Thy Godhood's power. The past within thee lies,
A living force for thee to use today.



DOST thou despise the countless Hours that drift
Into thy presence with no word to say?
Dost thou complain because in hoddin gray
They silent stand before thee, meekly lift
Their empty palms devoid of any gift,
Then, leaving thee forlorn, pursue their way?
Messengers of thy destiny are they.
They come to take, and not to give, to sift
And hoard thy wealth, so sternly battled for.
These niggard Hours thou dost so much condemn
Are stewards of thy pain. They will restore
Thy treasures blazing in the diadem
The future holds for thee. Yea, evermore
They wait for gifts from thee. Give thou to them.



HAT which Today seems
Fact, but lately may
Have seemed the idle fig-
ment of a dream;
And martyrs have dared
death for things that
seem
Like old wives' fables,
heard by us today.

Fiction and Fact surround us with a spray
Of ever-shifting mist, and those who deem
That they can trust therein, will rue their stay.
Soul! Be thou true to that which seemeth true
To thee, but fret not if it disappear
Before To-morrow's sun like morning dew.
That which we gain from that which we revere,
Outlasts old creeds, yea, and creates the new;
For Worship is the Star by which we steer.



CHILD one day, watching
an insect strain

Great wings to leave its
strait cocoon, drew back
The encircling mesh, wid-
ening the narrow crack
Through which it strove
its freedom to obtain.

Alas! that kindness proved the greatest bane,
Since never flew that butterfly, for lack
Of strength that strife had given. Its wings hung
slack,

Robbed of the blood that else had filled each
vein,

Enforcéd, so, to flow at bitter cost

Of needful agony. Dost thou despair
Because the web of circumstance now most
Envelops thee, whose wings of Godhood wear
So slowly through to freedom? Naught is lost.

The strength that comes of wrestling, none
can spare.



RUST not in Hope or Fear.

They are, each one,
Twin children bred of
Doubt. Their baleful
fire,

A flickering marsh light,
leads us o'er the mire
Even to Despair, and then
their task is done.

For when emotion slowly turns to stone,

Facing that foe—and Hope and Fear expire,
'Tis then alone, surviving anguish dire,

That Faith can place stern Reason on his
throne.

Hast died to Hope and Fear? Yea, hast thou trod

The razor edge that bridges the abyss

Where Madness cowers? Hast lain beneath the sod,

And felt upon thy heart the worm's cold kiss?

Then only with the calmness of a God

Canst thou confront and claim Eternal bliss.



REGRET not what is done.

'Tis done, I trow.

Nor does the Future for
thy Godhood hold

More promise than the
Present doth. Be bold!

Lo! in thy heart the living
fire doth glow

Whose virile flame a ruddy light doth throw

On all thy deeds. Let not that fire grow cold,
But forge therewith deeds of heroic mould.

In worlds or seen or unseen, while thy brow
With blinding sweat runs down, work thou To-day.

With all thy strength of brain and sinew,
smite!

Plunged in the glory of that inner ray

That burns within the soul and turns to light
The blackest hour, take thou that iron, I say,

And shape therefrom thy Godhood's power
and might.



LIKE a white eagle on some
towering peak
Fronting the burning sun
with radiant eyes,
Bid thy free mind to
heights of knowledge
rise.
When thou art hungered,
flesh the curvéd beak
Of Meditation on wild thoughts that break
Old boundaries through. Fly thou 'neath
boundless skies,
In the fierce joy of power that satisfies,
To rend, and to devour, and still to seek.
Yea, let thy mind, plumed with deific might,
Flashing from star to star, all worlds explore;
Reaching new realms each year with tireless flight,
Breasting deep-winged the Empyrean's core,
Bathed in the Sun of Suns whose dazzling light
Leads thee to gaze and fly forevermore.



HAT is't to be a God?
Soul, thou say'st well,
To be a God is to have
power to be
More kind and not more
cruel; power to free
And not to crush; to lock
the Gate of Hell,
And ope the Gate of Heaven. Power that can dwell
In peace with others differing from thee;
Power out of discord to bring harmony,
Power that in silence worketh, power to quell
All tempests in the soul whose fragile shell
Holds its deific strength. If thou would'st
own
The understanding heart, the omniscient brain,
The hand that heals, the ever radiant crown
Of Wisdom and of Love—yea, would'st obtain
All these and be a God—seek not renown.
Service in love, alone this power can gain.



JUSTICE with bandaged eyes
is well designed,
Wav'ring for evermore
'twixt scales and sword.
How can she rightly see to
cut the cord
Of circumstance that doth
so straitly bind

The helpless soul? How poise the wheels that grind
That soul to dust? How blame and how
reward?

Can she, being blind, see better than her Lord?
Omniscience pardons all, since all are blind.

"Give me adjustment and not justice," pleads
The stricken world. Alas! 'Tis easier far
To slay the weak than staunch the wound that
bleeds.

Soul! Fall not short in loving, for there are
Scores to condemn, for one that intercedes;
And we are all the Prisoner at the Bar.



COOPERATION and For-
bearance! Yea,
In those two words all the
Millennium lies.
'Tis not Coercion that for-
ever cries
"I hate or this, or that,
therefore away
With the accursed thing!" that brings the day
Of Freedom, while the Lawlessness that sighs
For liberty unchecked, finds that the prize
It seeks, crowns only those that can obey.
Cooperate with those that love the things
Thou lovest, and forbear to look awry
On those that differ from thee. Serfs and kings
Have but One Root: and such diversity
Means strength whose growth to separation springs,
As trees full-branched spring toward the sky.



BOUNDLESS Deific Energy
within!

This only is the substance
thou mayest take

And work therewith, striv-
ing each day to make

Out of the raw material
known as Sin,

The polished radiant Virtue that doth win
Immunity from error or mistake.

Scorn not thy hidden jewels. Rather, break
The soil and bring them forth. This day
begin

Patiently fashioning some gem divine
Within the darkness of thy being found.

Thy Nature is an ever teeming mine.

Nigh all thy treasure lieth underground.

Thou hast the clay. Work on with what is thine!

Then bring thy Godhood forth, with glory
crowned.



WE have to lead us, as the An-
cients had,
A changeful cloud by day,
and through the night
An ever flaming shaft of
glowing light,
To guide us to a land with
verdure clad,
With silver milk, and golden honey glad,—
The Land of Deity where Right is Might,
Where all as Gods may reign. Would'st see aright,
O Soul, with burdens bowed, with sorrows
sad?
They who imagine godlike deeds achieve
The deeds of Gods. This power is also thine.
Let not imagination's glory weave
Luridest light about Despair's dark shrine;
Set it on heavenly things and never leave
Its fire till thou hast gained thy realm Divine.



VEN today Life's Passover is
thine,
Within thy veins the Pas-
chal Blood flows red,
The God within thee lifts
His kingly head,
And the Avenging Angel
flees the sign.

Drink thou of Joy's exhilarating wine,
And eat of Satisfaction's sweetest bread.
Thine enemies are slain, thy foes have fled;
Lift up thy voice with shoutings 'neath the
vine!
Pure and unblemished is thy Sacrifice,
The knowledge of thy Godhood is thy meat;
The Living Word, thy portion. Oh, arise
Thou King of Kings! and stand upon thy
feet;
For thou no more shalt kneel to Deities.
With self-reliance gird thy loins and eat.



HERE is an Holy Mountain
on whose crest
Radiant with quenchless
light a City stands.
The Holy City builded
without hands,
Eternal in the Heavens,
wherein the Blest

To whom Deific energy is rest,
Pour ceaseless blessings forth upon all lands.
So lofty is this Mount that it commands
All worlds, yet hides it in the humblest
breast,—

The Mount of Restitution for our race.

'Tis climbed by those who bear The Holy
Name,

And trusting in their Godhood, take the Place

From the beginning theirs. Arise and claim
Thy Kingdom! Seek this Mountain and embrace
Thy Deity upon its crest of flame.



HERE is a Law Divine that
boldly saith

“I am a God, because I
also know

My Brethren to be Gods.”

With touch of snow
’Tis written by the velvet
hand of Faith

Upon the heart that silent faced the wraith
Of Death and Hell, and turned to stone with
woe,

A sheltering Rock, whose kind recesses show
All soft with moss and flowers, hiding the
scathe

Of fires forespent. And none can break this Law
That judgeth not, Yea, that condemneth
none,

But findeth every soul without a flaw
And biddeth each stand for himself alone;
And, standing so, keep the whole world in awe
Since one doth stand for all, and all for one.



BEHOLD the splendour of
the burning Star
That rises o'er the world.
It shines on thee,
And glorious dawns this
New Epiphany.
Nor needs there any wan-
dering near or far
To reach thine heaven, for those star rays are
Within thy soul. Even there resplendently
They halo thine incarnate Deity
That ignorance can neither stain nor mar.
Through all the centuries so swift in flight,
And yet so slow, that Star with eight-fold ray
Hath shone unfalteringly through gulfs of night,
Bearing the message brought to thee today.
"Thou art a God Divine!" Behold the Light!
Oh, Soul! whoe'er thou art. Hear and obey!



S OUL, be thou chaste! For
know that chastity
Is Singlemindedness, nor
more nor less.
Toward thy loved Ideal
onward press
With brain and mind and
soul and spirit free.

Pour thou thyself with the intensity
Of passionate-hearted singlemindedness,
That cold, cold seething only can express,
Into the mould of that which thou wouldst be.
Keep thou thy virgin aim immaculate.
Control nor waste thy soul's creative power.
In love and wisdom work, and patient wait
Until thy Godhood thrusteth into flower.
Then crown thee with the strength that conquers
Fate,
Divine virility's immortal dower.



HIS is thy Resurrection
Morn. Arise,
O Soul, in all thy God-
hood's majesty!
Shake off Despair's o'er-
whelming lethargy,
The Day Star shineth on
thy sealed eyes.

Wisdom divine that to her children cries,
Crieth "Immanuel, My Son!" to thee,
"Put on thy Individual Deity."
And dost thou wait a trumpet from the skies
Ere thou wilt rise? That clarion call is thine
That blossoms hear in Spring, even Desire
That turns the rising sap to riotous wine,
And gloweth in the veins like rosy fire.
Desire to be a God, to be Divine.
This is thy trumpet call—"Aspire! Aspire!"



N Love's rich treasury keep
thou a store
Of little coins to scatter
day by day;
Kind words, and pleasant
smiles, and looks that
say

"Thou hast done well!"

Do not neglect to pour
This largesse forth, and thou shalt evermore
Grow richer as thou journey'st on thy way.
Keep thou of love a margin to defray
The unforeseen that mounteth up the score.
For what avails it, though Love's treasury
With massy ingots filled, and gems in heaps,
Could ransom all the world, if close to thee
Some heart go hungry, while thy silence keeps
Guard o'er thy wealth intact? Out with thy Key!
And feed the soul that close beside thee weeps.



ART thou a God in body masculine,

Thy red blood running
fiercely in the clay?

Remember that thou art a
God Today!

Even as a sun, send out
thy strength divine;

Let thy vitality all glorious shine

In gentleness and chastity whose ray

On some Ideal centered, ne'er can stray,

Helping thee aye to conquer. Give no sign
Till thou hast won. Fight like the God thou art,
With circumstance, not with thy deathless
kin.

Of thy Deific nature let the part

Divinely feminine enthroned within

Thy soul, possess thee. So shall brain and heart,
Equally great, thy crown immortal win.



ART thou a God, yet born to
low estate

In woman's form? What
matters that to thee?

Impregnate with divine
virility

The weaker souls that to
thy power vibrate.

In worlds unseen do thou, a God, create

The race Deific that is yet to be.

Let wisdom seal thy lips, and silently

Work on! Thou Ruler of The Golden Gate!

Thou art a spiritual athlete whose grip

Uplifts the earth even as it were a toy;

Thy courage and thy deathless passion clip

Destiny close, till she give birth to Joy.

Thy sweet compassion doth the light outstrip.

Thy woman's form can ne'er thy power
destroy.



GUARD well thy thoughts.

“Thoughts are but feeble things”?

Then are we feeble, too!

Thou dost contain

Within the priceless treasure house, thy brain,

All the electric energy that flings

Divine creations forth whose tireless wings,

Sweeping from star to star, can thee sustain
On mighty pinions cradled so, to gain

The Eternal strength and joy that Godhead brings.

Let every moment of this fleeting day,

Find thee, if weak in body, strong in thought.
Think like a God with power; and all thy clay,

Like river banks by the swift water wrought,
Shall prove, beneath thy mind's resistless sway,

Thou art the God thy love so long hath sought.



TAKE time within thy hand
and let it be
E'en as a measuring rod
of shining gold
And span therewith the
years as they unfold.
For thou art Master of thy
Destiny,

And all the years to come are hid in thee.

Yea, as the spider's womb the mesh doth
hold,

So doth thy touch the magic web unfold,

Spinning life's cloth out of Eternity.

Shake thyself free of the old thought and know

Time is a force thy Godhood must command.

In Love and Wisdom ever older grow

And everlasting youth shall take thy hand,

And passing seasons as they come and go

Shall clothe thy soul with fadeless beauty
grand.



IS not enough to sit at home,
till Fate

Doth to our door bring Op-
portunity;

For though we vigil keep
unceasingly,

The chance desired may
never reach our gate;

Or, reaching it, may yet arrive too late

To bring us any gain or good thereby.

Nay, we must wait and sow industriously

Such seeds of virile thought as shall create

Those opportunities for which we wait,

If we would taste the fruits of victory.

Since we are Gods with needs omnivorant,

We must as Gods create the thing we need.

For Glory through achievement, dost thou pant?

Create the opportunity decreed

To bring thee to success, nor yet be scant

Of Toil, but use it wisely. So, succeed.



HE affirmations of thy God-
hood prize
As blocks of basalt hewn
to store within
Their walls of adamant
the thoughts that spin,
And boiling, rend the
brain; yea, that capsize
The shuddering reason that all vainly tries
To stem the whelming flood whose clamorous
din
Naught once could silence, save Death's fixed grin,
Soul! to thy task! There thy salvation lies.
Thine affirmations, each a living stone,
Repeat untiringly, day after day,
Till Thought's dynamic force (thy task being done),
Is curbed, and wastes no more its bed of clay
With riotous floods. Then turn Life's arid zone,
With thy stored waters, to an Eden gay.



SOUL! Hast thou slain the
personal will that cried
For personal ends and
aims?

Hast thou, too, drained
The bitter cup of Self-
denial, stained
With blood and tears?
Hast lost the tender
Guide

Whose living form was ever by thy side?

Have old ideals faded? Hast thou gained
Nothing for all thy griefs? Hath comfort waned?
Art thou left helpless since old faiths have
died?

Comfort thy heart. Even this day for thee

Thy sceptre waits, the glorious will Divine;
And for the rags of thy humility,

The monarch's crown, the pontiff's robes are
thine;

And for thy Guide long lost, Lo! thou art He!

Thou art thyself the God thou didst resign.



HERE is a Feast prepared
for thee, and all
Who care to take thereof:
and it is free,
Neither for price nor
money offered thee,
Only thy glad acceptance
of the call.

And there is none too crippled, weak, or small,
For welcome. Dost thou ask how this can be?
"Food for the world"? Look in thine heart and see!
There is thy portion and thy banquet hall.
Within thy heart the ruddy wine flows bright:
Power of Eternal Life forever spilt.
Within thine heart the Hidden Manna white:
Power to fulfil desire, power without guilt.
Wisdom hath spread the table in thy sight,
And Love invites thee. Answer as thou wilt!



OTHER! that for thy children doth so dread
The fate that bears thy loved ones far from thee,
To toil midst dangers that thou canst not see,
Till thy heart quails 'neath woes imaginéd,—

Why dost thou sigh and moan with bended head
Imploring some far distant Deity
To save thy children? Thou thyself shouldst be
The source Divine from whence their souls are fed.

Thou hast no time for tears! By night and day,
Send forth thine affirmations to uphold,
Guard, guide and prosper those thou lovest; yea,
Thine affirmations, like a shield of gold,
Shall keep them safe; thy Godhood is their stay.
Thou art the God thou didst implore of old!



OW great are the achievements of thy race,
How marvelous the works
of brain and hands!
The deeds of Gods whose
power divine commands
Earth, Ocean, Flame, and
Air, and Time, and
Space!

Yet is there anguish written in each face,
 Anguish unspeakable, for iron bands
Fetter the lips, and as the soul expands
 It strives in vain for utterance to keep pace
With its unfoldment. Dost thou deem the dumb
 Work better for their very speechlessness?
That mighty heroes need not the poor crumb
 Of comfort found in words? Yet doth the
 press
Of stifled thought oft leave the spirit numb.
 Affirm, "I am a God!" Wilt thou do less?



FROM sunset until sunrise.”

Oh! put by
Those childish words, so
foreign to the Truth.
Rejoice! rejoice! with all
the fire of youth,
That there are miracles
none can deny;

That soaring on a star all gloriously
Through sapphire realms ethereal, thou dost
fly,

Devouring space unfathomed. For in sooth,
The sacred boughs of the Hebraic Booth,
Though sacred still, no longer hide the sky.

“From sunrise unto sunset.” Lo! the phrase
Keeps us bowed down in mist: but say, “I swing
Earth-borne, about the sun, swept in a blaze
Of golden beams, a God!”—straight thou dost fling
Thyself to Freedom, and the untrammelled
ways
Of vast enfranchisement that light doth bring.



HY Godhood's Holy Stand-
ard, long foretold,
Now, Israel, lift on high!
Tinctured blood-red,
'Tis quartered, and each
quarter blazonéd
With mystic charges all
achieved in gold.

Four lions winged and crowned, thereon behold,
That over worlds on worlds victorious tread;
The cup and sheaf; the fountain tokenéd
By the heraldic circle wave besrolled;
The eight stringed harp; the keys; Life's sacred
wheel,
Rose, quatrefoil, and phoenix all aflame;
The distaff, and the book whose pages heal;
The golden fruit, the palm boughs that pro-
claim
Perpetual victory; and for final seal,
Within th' encircled square, Thy Holy Name.



THE Golden Helmet gleams
upon thy Brows,
Of individual Deity the
sign;
And harnessed in the pan-
oply Divine
Of theocratic character
that knows

Nor flaw, nor stain, whose polished steel bestows
A matchless splendor, I behold thee shine,
The heroic offspring of a deathless Line,
That ever mightier through thy Godhood
grows.

Now mounted on Thy Passion purified,
That milk white steed with eyes of burning
flame,

Throned as upon a Rock I watch Thee ride
Down countless centuries, in thy Holy Name
Conquering forever, bearing at thy side
The sword that strikes to free, and not to
maim.



UT on thy holy cassock,
Strength Divine,
And o'er it fling the Robe
of Righteousness,
And set the silken stole
above thy dress,
The Holy Yoke of that
blest Law benign
That none can break, that breaketh none, so fine
Its equity to comfort and redress;
And let the Holy Shoulder Straps caress
Thy shoulders, of self-government the sign,
Keeping the Yoke in place. Set on thy head
The Holy Cap, of Godhead's Will the tower.
Then, shod with sandals—Peace Immeasuréd—
Clasping unending conquests for thy dower—
Those smooth white pebbles from Life's river bed—
Go forth, thou Priest, vested with God-
head's power!



DISCIPLINE and Obedience!

Spurn not these;
These are the steps that
lead unto the throne
Of Godhood's power. For
none may stand alone,
A God in strength, who
hath not to his knees

Been flung a thousand times, and by degrees
Growing in power as often as o'erthrown,
Hath wrestled with Despair till he hath grown
Through many failures, Master of Life's keys.
Govern'thyself in heart and mind aright.

Thou wilt not taste of power Divine until
Feeling and thought and word and deed unite
In harmony to work thy Spirit's will.
Discipline and obedience spell Delight
Unto the God whose crown is service still.



FRET not thy soul because
monotony
Fills all thy days in little
duties spent,
In little thoughts on little
cares intent,
Needful for others' com-
fort, but to thee

How wearisome, that yearnest to be free!

Fret not thy soul! Heroic deeds are sent
Oftenest to those whose hearts and minds are bent
On trivial tasks the world may never see.

"Life is monotonous!" So one may say

"The sunlight casts a shadow." Bid thy soul
Use the monotony that lines thy day,

As fiery chariots rushing to their goal
Use ribs of steel to bear them on their way,
Deeming 'tis velvet over which they roll.
Intent upon thy goal, do thou as they.



WITHIN thy heart pulses the
selfsame flame

That forges for the wasp
bright belts of gold,
And fuses flashing opals in
the fold

Of filmy wings whose text-
ure puts to shame

The silken tissue of the cobweb's frame.

The fire swift-leaping in thee to behold
Beauty so wonderful, so purely bold

In earth, and sky, and sea, that joys to claim
Kindred with loveliness where'er it springs,

Is but the blush of Beauty found in thee
To which all other beauty tribute brings—

Beauty Divine that dawns resplendently,
And quickening to the glory that it sings,
Flowers forth in thine Incarnate Deity.



ET Mirth's warmth-giving
light illumine thy mind,
Dispersing every gloom
with rippling gold.
Be thine the sun's sweet
tolerance to behold
Ripening perfection
'neath the roughest rind.

The Saviours of the world are those who bind
 Its gaping wounds with love, and softly fold
Their wisdom round it, fleecy with the gold
 Of laughter pure as sunlight and as kind.
Be thine such laughter, healthful as the sea,
 Dealing virility with every breath;
Laughter Divine that none can learn, save he
 That hears it rolling 'neath the ribs of Death:
Laughter benign, whose tender sympathy
 Flings o'er Life's nakedness its velvet sheath.



HIS is thy Judgment Day,
O Soul; and none
Can judge thee save thy-
self. If thou dost see
In those around, Incarnate
Deity,—
Then as a God thyself, as-
cend thy throne.

Dost thou with Love Divine for all atone,
By the compassion that doth lift to thee
The ignorant and helpless? Would'st thou free
The wandering souls around thee, till not one
Be left to wail in darkness? Then art thou
That judge whose Love and Wisdom giveth
praise,
Instead of blame, to all, swift to allow
Equity's law to govern divers ways.
Arise, thou Holy One with radiant brow,
Judge of Thyself alone, Thyself upraise!



ALM as a God of the Egyptian race,

That, hewn from basalt,
fronts the ages' flight

With the stern majesty of
regnant might,

Take thou thy Godhood's
throne and keep thy
place!

Be thine that equipoise which still keeps pace

With swiftest progress, viewing Day and
Night

Like cups o'erbrimming with the wine of light.

Drink thence, nor move from thine eternal
base.

True Balance and Proportion, Perfect Poise

That pulses with the stars and yet doth keep
Step with the tiniest insect and its joys,—

This is the secret rhythm whose vast sweep
Takes centuries at a breath and deems the noise
Of worlds that rise and fall—an infant's
sleep.



OLD thou thy peace when
others coldly frown
Upon the gamester's pas-
sion. The desire
To win against all odds,
though in the mire
It may be rooted, wears the
Lotus crown.

He who to gain eternal wealth flings down
His earthly wealth, feels the true gamester's
fire.

The thrill that hazard only can inspire
Is ours whose future still remains unknown.

The affirmations of thy Godhood bear
An eight on every side, and they are made
For those whose souls have paid the price—Despair.
Thou who with other dice so oft hast played
And lost, now play and win joys past compare
In any world thou wilt. Be not afraid!



ET every Creed be sacred
in thy sight.

Time's whirring stone,
whence flawless facts
are ground

From quainter fancies in
life's darkness found,
Grinds the great Diamond
Truth and brings to
light

Creed after creed; even as from blackest night
The radiant Day springs forth, with glory
crowned,

Each facet in that priceless Diamond's round
Forth flashes from the hands that made it
bright.

Sacred to thee, oh, Soul, be every creed,

Be every facet wrought with so much woe
Out of the past; but for the pangs that freed
One after one the faiths of long ago.

From gulf of Doubt, thou had'st not found indeed
Thy Godhood's Faith today, of flame and
snow.



F every virtue that is dear
to thee,
Hold thou calm Patience
dearest of them all;
Patience, aye watchful
that no harm befall
The little lives that cluster
'round her knee;

Patience, that ever worketh tenderly,
Turning to beauty all things great or small;
Patience, whose fingers weave the coronal
Of attributes that crown thy Deity;
Patience, who leads us, though the way be long,
To rest and peace; and lends the aching heart
Her tireless strength. Ah! Though she lack the song
That joy may sing, yet doth her touch impart
Power to fulfill all tasks—to right all wrong.
Who learns of Patience, masters every art.



XACT not overmuch of those
that call

Themselves thy kindred.
Oftentimes they fail,
Because their gifts to thee
in nought avail
To satisfy thy longing.
Thou art thrall

To that within, which naught without at all
Can compass. Turn within and lift the veil!

Thy little household loves grow dim and pale,
Quenched by thy Godhood's flame whose sun-
beams fall

Upon the hearth of clay. Nor kith, nor kin
Can comfort thee, if thou through ignorance
miss

The espousal of thy Godhead. Thou must win,
And feed thy soul with the eternal kiss
Of thine Ideal in thee. Soul, look within!
There dwells the source alone of lasting bliss.



HIDE not thy soul because
thou canst not burn
With love for all alike.
Twin laws there be
That hold all things in
peace and equity—
Attraction and repulsion;
these in turn

Acting on every life, bid it discern

What most it needs to flower in harmony.

These give the rose the strength a rose to be,

Teaching it what to choose and what to spurn.

Attraction and repulsion both are blessed.

Love what thou canst, for so thy soul will
grow.

And whatsoe'er repels thee, know 'tis best.

Ignore it. Hate it not, but let it go.

Love what thou canst and leave to Time the rest.

Remember! oceans ebb, as well as flow.



AVE faith, oh stricken soul,
to see aright
If loved ones seem to thee
to go astray.
Pour out thine affirmations
day by day
To lead them through the
darkness of their night,
For they, like thee, are journeying to the Light.

The God that dwells in them knows best the
way
And erreth not. He guides and they obey.

Lost though they seem to thy tear-blinded
sight,
Be of good cheer. Weep not, but say instead:

“The God within them guides them, knowing
best.”

Whilst thou dost seek them sorrowing and with
dread,

Deeming them lost to thee, by doubt dis-
tressed,

They in the Temple still are housed and fed.

Return and find them there, and be at rest.



WEEP not for Old Jerusalem
the Blest,
Nor turn thereto as to a
land apart—
The land thou dwellest in,
take to thy heart.
All lands are sanctified
that have been pressed
By feet divine, and Godhood is expressed
In every nation's noblest. Where thou art,
And whatsoe'er thy work in field or mart,
Be thou the Holy One that doth invest
The land with holiness. Yea, thou shalt dwell
Lord of all lands whose soil is dear to thee.
And blessings past the power of tongue to tell
Shall crown thine household and thine hus-
bandry,
Thou God of Love and Wisdom, Is-ra-el,
Whose Holy Land all worlds, all lands, must
be.



LOUD issuing from the Horn
of burnished gold,
Pressed to Day's ruddy
lip, a note doth swell,
Sonorous, full and deep,
that those who dwell
Upon the rugged moun-
tain heights, in cold
And weariness, grim watchmen stern and bold,
Faithful through weary centuries, know full
well.
It thunders, "To your tents, O Israel!"
Even as it thundered in the days of old.
Lo! now the Lord Jehovah comes to reign
Within His Tent, our human form Divine:
There arms Himself with Hand and Heart and
Brain,
And pours his Spirit through our veins like
wine.
The Sun leaps up, and Israel once again
Lifts to His Flame the serried battle line.



LEAD not with some far distant
God to bless
Some Holy Babe and
Mother far away.
Be thou thyself the God
whose power shall stay,
With all a God's divinest
tenderness

(At once so strong to comfort and caress),
The Holy Babes and Mothers of Today.
Bless thou the Holy Mothers most, for they
Are Godhood's Source and Sustenance, not
less.
Round every baby brow an aureole gleams,
Proceeding from th' Incarnate Deity.
The Holy mother in each mother dreams
Above the infant cradled on her knee.
Sing not of ancient Gods and ancient themes—
All babes enshrine our Godhood's majesty.



EVERE today. It is the wis-
est day

This world hath ever
known, this world so
young,

The very wisest day since
first it swung

Into its orbit and began to
play

With other stars that passed their time away

Playing at hide and seek the clouds among—

Flying through space like gems at hazard flung—

Whirling about the sun like fireflies gay.

'Tis a brave world and grown much older now ;

It learneth to obey and groweth meek ;

It hath known sorrow ; pain hath crowned its brow

With bloody sweat, and tears have stained its
cheek ;

It hath learned much, yet all the past doth know

Is but the tongue with which today doth
speak.



CROWNED with my benedic-
tion, go thy way,
Thou that hast told my
Rosary with me—
My blessing, evermore
that tenderly
Shall crown thee, as the
sunlight crowns the day.

This is the golden pendant that doth sway
 The rough, unpolished beads, carved awk-
 wardly,
Yet odorous all with love, with love for thee,
 And those thou lovest. Therefore let them
 stay
A little while close gathered to thy heart
 Until the fragrance of that love that clings
About the dusky chaplet, with shy art
 Such subtle sweetness o'er thy memory flings
That of thy thought, my thought may yet be part—
 Safe in the perfumed warmth remembrance
 brings.



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